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Fig. 1. (1532.)



Fig. 2. (1537.)



Fig. 3. (1540.)



Fig. 4. (1585.)



Fig. 5. (1600.)



Fig. 6. (1596.)



Fig. 7. (1619.)



Fig. 8. (1635.)



Fig. 9. (1643.)

OLD ENGLISH HEAD-DRESS,

IN THE REIGNS OF HENRY VIII.; ELIZABETH; JAMES I.; AND CHARLES I.

VOL. XXX.

K

Manners and Customs.

FEMALE HEAD-DRESS IN ENGLAND.

We resume, from page 128, with the prefixed illustrations, commencing from the reign of Henry VIII. Thus, 1 and 2 show two different head-dresses of Anne Boleyn, after prints by Hollar; and 3 is a head-dress of Anne of Cleves: 4 is from a wood-cut of the same period. Next are specimens from the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. 5, is Rubens's first wife; 6 is from a monument in Westminster Abbey, date 1596; and 7 is a whole-length figure from J. J. Boissard, date 1581. The next specimens, 8 and 9, are from Hollar's prints—1625 to 1649.

A peculiar fashion of the first-named of the above periods must now be noticed; namely, the Frontlet, which was made by folding over to shade the face from the sun. Frontlets, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., were of considerable breadth. This fashion continued to the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., as may be seen in several monuments, &c.; but they became narrow, as may be seen in fig. 6, from Westminster Abbey. The frontlet was sometimes very costly; as were also the cap and lappets, which were often enriched with jewels, and generally formed into network, from whence it derived the word *caul*. Dr. Johnson says: "caul, of uncertain etymology, the net in which women inclose their hair, the hinder part of a woman's cap."*

There is a print of the Lady Abergavenny, (who died in 1525,) in which she is represented with a rich caul, with the Gothic and the Roman letters A in octagon patterns. In the *Visit of the Duke of Najera to England* is mentioned that the Princess Mary wore "a head-dress of many rich stones." Holinshed describes the procession of Queen Mary in 1533, and says that she "had on her head a *kall* of cloth of *tinsell* beset with pearle and stone, and above the same upon her head a round circlet of gold, beset so richly with pretious stones, that the value thereof was inestimable: the same *kall* and circle being so massie and ponderous that she was faine to bear up her head with her hand," &c.

A letter to Cecil, Lord Burleigh, gives an account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, that "on her head she had a dressing of lawne edged with bone lace"—"and a vail of lawn fastened to the *caule*, bowed out with wyre, and edged round about with bone

* A cowl, a monk's hood, derived, according to Dr. Johnson, from curle, Saxon; *cucullus*, Latin. It may be observed that this word and caul both allude to the covering of the head. The language formerly used at the English court, and among the higher ranks of society, was Norman-French, and, of course, with the French pronunciation, as in the diphthong *au*, pronounced *ou* or *ow*, as in *Paul's*, which was formerly pronounced *Powle's*.

lace." In the various pictures of Mary, she is differently represented: in one she has auburn hair, in another black, and in another yellow. We have in Hayne's State Papers a letter from Mr. White, servant of Queen Elizabeth, to Mr. William Cecil, mentioning his having seen her at Tutbury: "she is a goodly personage," says he, "her hair is black, but Mr. Knowles told me, she wears hair of sundry colours."

The following quotation from the *Letters*, edited by Sir H. Ellis (ccxxxvi. 2nd series), relates to the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, 1587:—

"When Hentzner saw Elizabeth in her 67th year, she wore false hair, and that red. In the jewel-book here mentioned, we have a long list of her Majesty's *twigs*, or rather *head-dresses*; they are called at the head of the page *Attiers*;" among which are cawles of hair, set with pearls, seed-pearl, true-loves of pearl, buttons of gold, &c.

Among the MSS. in the British Museum, there is a curious letter from James I. to his son in Spain, describing the different jewels, &c. which were sent for the Infanta: "a head dressing of two-and-twenty great pearle pearlys; and ye shall give her three goodly pearle pendant dyamonts, qwhair of the biggest to be worne at a needle on the middeth of her forehead, and one in everie eare."

Stubs, the fanatic abuser of the fashions, alludes to the caules and the extravagance of the head-attire of his time, which glisters and shines so that one would think the wearers to have golden heads. "And some weare lettuce caps with three hornes, three corner, I should say, like the forked cappes of priests, with their perriwinckles, chitterlinges, and ye like apiste toys of infinite varietie."

Likewise *Willobie, his Aviso*, 1605:

"Silke gownee and velvet shalt thou have,
With hoods and caules, fit for thy head;
Of goldsmiths' work a border brave,
A chain of gold ten-double spread."

British Bibliographer, vol. i.

These caules, however richly ornamented, seem not to have prevented bonnets from being worn over them. Hall describes: "The Lady Marie, daughter to the king, and with her seven ladies, all apparelled after the romayne fashion, in rich cloth of gold, of tisseue and crimson tinsel bendy, and their heres wrapped in *calles* of gold, with bonnets of crimson velvet on their heddes, set full of pearle and stone."

Hall also gives a minute account of the meeting of Henry VIII. with Anne of Cleves: the king conducted himself in every respect as a well-bred man: she had "on her head a *kall*, and over it a round bonet or cappe set full of orient perle, and before that she had a coronet of blacke velvet, and about her necke she had a partelet set full of riche

stones, which glittered all the felde." (Notwithstanding all these splendid jewels upon the head-dress, the English or French fashion seems to have improved her appearance.) "On which date she was appareled after the English fashion, with a French whode, which so set forth her beantie and good visage, that every creature rejoyced to behold her."

In the magnificent painted window of the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, executed about seven years since, in this country, we remember the head-dresses of the ladies of the two Courts to have been most elaborately painted, and finished with such minuteness that we were delighted with inspecting them upon the painter's easel. Indeed, the splendid costume in this picture was not its least meritorious portion; and, it is much to be regretted that so superb a labour should have been destroyed by fire, together with the original sketch and studies of the portraits, so as to leave not a wreck behind of a work in all respects honourable to the genius of our country.—(See *Mirror*, vol. xv. pp. 246 and 247.)

In the Rolls of Provisions upon the marriage of the daughters of Sir J. Nevil, temp. Henry VIII., we find the prices of a bonnet as follow :

| | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|
| Item, 3 black velvet bonnets for women, every bonnet 17s. | 51 | 0 |
| Item, a frontlet of blue velvet | 7 | 6 |
| Item, a millen* bonnet, dressed with aiglets | 11 | 0 |
| Item, a bonnet of black velvet | 15 | 0 |
| Item, a frontlet for the same bonnet | 12 | 0 |

In the household accounts of the Lestranges, we find that the Milan bonnets were worn by gentlemen. Sir Thomas Elyot said it would be ridiculous to see an apprentice of the law, or pleader, to come to the bar with a Millayne or French bonnet on his head set full of aiglettes.

In addition to the bonnets and caps, there was another article of female head attire, called a hood. What was the distinguishing difference in the form of the French hood from that of the English, Mr. Repton has not been able clearly to ascertain; but, that the French hoods were worn from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of Charles I. by the ladies of the Court, appears from several quotations. And the ladies in the lower grades of society, we find in those days, were no less emulous of copying the fashions of their superiors than in the present times. In a work dated 1626, it is said: "in France, the meapier sort of women wear hoods of taffeta, others of sattin, and the better of velvet. No man intrudes upon another's vocation. But with us, Joan is as good as my lady; citizens' wives are of late grown gallants," &c. Velvet seems to have been considered the most elegant material for the

* Milan, a city in Lombardy, whence our milliner.

head. In the *City Madam*, 1633, the knight's lady wore "a chaine of gold, a velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes a dainty minerver cap," &c.

Sir William Davenant, in his play of the *Wits*, says:

"I told her she must die,
And her beloved velvet hood be sold
To some Dutch brewer of Ratcliffe, to make
His yaw frow slippers."

There is a print by Hollar, of a person leaning upon a table; he wears a mantle, upon which is represented a great variety of female heads, from which we may form a perfect idea of the fashion that prevailed during the reign of Charles I., namely, the cap, the dark-coloured hood, the small curls on the head-dress, the light-coloured hat over the cap, &c. It is extremely curious. The Vandyck lace over the shoulders, the small curl of the hair, and the pearl-drops to the ears, are too well known to require any description.

Another print by Hollar of the coronation of Charles II., represents the peeresses with their coronets. Behind them are the wives of the commoners, &c., some in their hair with small curls, others in hoods fastened under their chins.

There are also prints by Hollar, representing the four seasons: Spring and Summer with their heads uncovered, the hair in small curls; Autumn with a dark velvet hood and tippet; and Winter in the same kind of hood, with the addition of a black mask, and her shoulders covered with fur, and a fur muff.

The Querpo hood, (corrupted from *Cu-erpo*, Span., a dress fitting to the body,) seems to have been chiefly worn by Puritans, and by females of the lowest rank of society. In the works of Ned Ward is a dialogue between a proud termagant and her miserly husband; she says,

No face of mine shall by my friends be view'd
In Quaker's pinner, and a Querpo hood.

The wife of Cromwell is thus referred to in a satire dated 1664: "her hood, till her face was seen in her highnesse's glasse, was clapt on like a head-piece, without the art of esconcing and entrenching it double and single in redoubts and hornworks."

The *Spectator*, No. 265, gives some account of hoods at an opera. "As I was standing in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together, in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the

† "Miniver is the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small weasel (*Menuvir*), called gris or grey." (Coisgrave.) The nobility had them of ermine and sable; the wealthy merchants of vair and grey, (the dainty miniver.) The lower order of people, &c., of the squirrel, lamb, and above all of rabbits' skins, &c.

fourth was of a pink colour, and a fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure on this party-coloured assembly as upon a bed of tulips," &c.

In No. 271, "I was last Thursday in an assembly of ladies, where there were thirteen different coloured hoods." Again, "she told me the other day that she heard the ladies were coloured hoods, and ordered me to get her one of the finest blue."

In No. 273, is "an Advertisement from the Parish Vestry."—"All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods, are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation. Ralph."

No. 517, speaking of Sir Roger de Coverley: "It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frize coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood."

Beau Nash, who was master of the ceremonies at Bath, in the reign of Queen Anne, found some difficulty in preventing the country squires from dancing in boots at the assemblies. One of his contrivances was the getting up a puppet-show, "in which Punch came in, booted and spurred, in the character of a country squire," and said, "we always dance in our town (Bath) in boots, and the ladies often move minuets in riding-hoods."

That the female Quakers wore hoods in 1737, we find, in the following passage from Gay's *Trivia*:

"Nay, she will off the Quaker's hood profane
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury Lane."

In the *Connoisseur*, No. 134, we have new fashions introduced into the country from London (about 1736): "a grocer's wife attracted our eyes by a new-fashioned cap, called a Joan; and, at another, (borough town) they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter in a nun's hood."

One of the useful appendages to the female head-dress is the calash; but at what time it was introduced Mr. Repton has not ascertained: it is not mentioned as a head-dress in any of the editions of Johnson's *Dictionary* (except that of 1820); probably, it was not known when the first edition was published in 1754; nor is it noticed by Dyche, 1760, nor by Barclay, 1774. But, from a drawing in Mr. Repton's possession, it may be traced as early as 1776. Its name was, probably, derived from the head or hood which was added to the carriages called calashes, and is now appended to our cabriolets.

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Reader.

VESUVIUS.

[We conclude from Mr. Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, the notes of Vesuvius in eruption, and take up the details from page 117 of our last Number, in illustration of the mimic Volcano at "the Surrey Zoological Gardens."]

"Amidst the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals. And full, where the priests of Isis had now cowered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed: that cry had been of death—that silence had been of eternity! The ashes—the pitchy stream—sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!"

"Meanwhile, the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter—the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but, here and there, you heard the steps of fugitives cranching them warily, or saw their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavoured to steer their steps. But ever and anon the boiling water, the straggling ashes, or mysterious and gusty winds rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last living hope of those who bore them."

"The cloud which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room.* But, in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dies. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch,—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of its own life!

"In the pauses of the showers, you heard

* Pliny.

the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimics of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapours were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes,—the agents of terror and of death.*

"The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapour. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

"Sometimes the huge stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on flames; and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples, and the entrances to the forum, endeavoured to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted, had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes—the lesson of despair.

"Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild—haggard—ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the

* Dion Cassius.

showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left, save the primal law of self-preservation!"

"Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress: yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts where the ashes lay dry and uncommixed with the boiling torrents cast upward from the mountain, at capricious intervals—the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which might be seen the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror—now near, now distant—which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapours, as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fibre of the frame."

"Suddenly the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the Mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather above its surface there seemed to rise two monster-shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded,—save in three places, adown

which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurtling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts—darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused, the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!"

"The ground shook with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar!—the lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the Imperial Statue—then shivered bronze and column! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed!—The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled!"

"An immense crowd, more than half the population of the city, spread along the field without the walls, thousands upon thousands, uncertain whither to fly. The sea had retired far from the shore; and they who had fled to it had been so terrified by the agitation and preternatural shrinking of the element, the gasping forms of the uncouth sea things which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast from the mountain into the deep, that they had returned again to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two. Thus the two streams of human beings, the one seaward, the other from the sea, had met together, feeling a sad comfort in numbers, arrested in despair and doubt.

"In darkness they put forth to sea; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the Mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves."

"Meanwhile the showers of dust and ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the wave—and scattered their snows over the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy Africa; and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and of Egypt!"

"And meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep!—the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the East, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the

• Dion Cassius.

morning; light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the Mountain of the "Scorched Fields." The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coast were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The darlings of the Deep were snatched from her embrace! Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her azure arms, and know them not—moaning round the sepulchres of the Lost!"

The Robelist.

THE KISS OF THE HAND. — A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

EVERY one is familiar with the name of Jeanne de Montfort. Every one knows with what intrepidity this heroine of the fourteenth century, that age of heroines, maintained the rights of her husband and child in the celebrated contest between the counts of Montfort and Blois for the Duchy of Bretagne. But a fact with which every one is *not* familiar is, that the warlike countess, in displaying the manly qualities which astonished her contemporaries, lost none of the virtues or graces of her sex; and the nights of Bretagne and England, when they saw her pass in front of their ranks, with her son in her arms, attended by her page, or seated in the halls of her castle, her golden crown on her head and her stately hound at her feet, thought her as beautiful as her enemies did terrible, when she dashed among them on her war-horse, helm on head, battle-axe in hand, and lance in rest. Consequently the good countess had as many admirers as partisans, and did as much execution at home with her large, dark eyes and golden hair, as among her enemies with the redoubtable battle-sword of her husband. Be it observed, however, to the honour of our heroine, that her lovers never gained aught but their sighs and the good lance-strokes bestowed in her name on her adversaries, the only sufferers by this innocent gallantry. Of all her adorers, the goodliest among the goodly, and the most ardent among the ardent, was Walter de Mauny, the flower of English chivalry.

His renown and his services placed him in the first rank among her followers. The very day of his arrival at Hennebont he adopted her colours—the next he declared her the lady of his thoughts—the next he avowed his passion before all the assembled knights, and not a day passed that he did not break a lance or slay an enemy in honour of her. And he had his reward. When she went to battle it was he who handed her her arms; when

she needed succour it was he who flew to her rescue; and when, after the conflict, she alighted from her steed, it was he who gave her his hand to cross the drawbridge of her castle; and one day, when the fair warrior was wounded by a stroke which Mauny had no time to parry, it was he who received her in his arms, and bore her thus to the fortress.

If the chevalier, emboldened by these favours, ever ventured to sue for any others, the name of the Count of Montfort during his life, and afterward the crape which fluttered on the helmet of the noble widow, were sufficient to remind him that, as the wife had lived for her husband, the widow would live for her infant alone. Still Walter de Mauny once obtained a more brilliant and a more tender reward, and to understand its value we must remember that we are speaking, not of the court of Louis the Fourteenth, but of the manners of Brittany, in the severest and purest of the ages of chivalry.

It was morning. The countess was preparing her knights for battle by a hasty repast in one of the halls of her castle of Hennebond. The flower of her army was around. They were rising from table, and the knights, elevating their large goblets, were pledging their brave amazon, and she her son in return, when a squire entered the hall in great agitation.

"What is the matter?" said all the guests, as with one accord.

The squire answered, that the detachment which had been expected from Auvay had been surprised by Don Louis, of Spain, and the three knights who commanded it made prisoners, and that they would be put to death unless Hennebond was surrendered within one hour.

"My three brave knights put to death!" repeated Jeanne, rising and casting round her a bold and indignant glance, as if to ask the heart of all her followers; "shall they indeed be put to death?"

"No!"—a voice which the countess recognised, and which our readers will recognise too, was the first to exclaim. "No! they shall not die! I swear it by my good sword, and by yourself, madam!"

And Mauny bowed low before her, and drew his long blade from the scabbard. The others followed his example, and a sweet smile thanked them. But Mauny saw, or fancied, that that smile was more tender for him than for his comrades, and feeling inspired by even such slight preference—

"Madame," said he, with a look more eloquent than his words, "what will you give to him who shall bring you your three captive knights, safe and sound within one hour?"

A slight blush tinged the countess's cheek, then turning to Walter, but without raising her eyes, "I will give him my hand to kiss," she answered.

"Chevaliers!" cried Mauny, brandishing his long sword, "chevaliers! the bravest wins it! and Bretagne for the good countess!"

"Bretagne for the good countess!" replied the others hastening to arms.

Jeanne repaired to a window which overlooked the plain. In five minutes she saw a body of knights pass through the gates of the town and hurry on at full speed towards the camp of Charles de Blois, and she could see that the knight who rode foremost wore her colours.

For half an hour the hostile camp was hid in clouds of dust, from which helmet and cuirass, lance and battle-axe, gleamed out fitfully. Soon the clouds and the confusion centered on one point, on the tents of Don Louis and his Spaniards. At last the disorder was succeeded by a single cry—a shout of victory—and the same horsemen who had crossed the plain an hour before, were returning. But their ranks were thinned and the gazers viewed them with anxious and fearful eyes.

"How many men have you lost?" asked the cavaliers who received them at the gates of Hennebond.

"Ten," answered the first who entered.

"And how many the Spaniards?"

"All! Bretagne for the good countess."

And the squadron galloped toward the castle. Jeanne appeared as soon as the drawbridge was lowered, casting around her curious and anxious glances. The first knight she saw was Walter de Mauny, covered with blood and dust. He alighted, caused the ranks to be opened, and Jeanne saw the three prisoners, still girt with the chains and cords which were to have been the means of their punishment.

"Brethren in arms," said Gauthier, "tell the countess who rescued you."

They pointed him out.

Then she advanced a step toward him, he kneeled down and kissed her hand in presence of all the knights. But when he attempted to rise, his strength failed him, and he signed to his squire to support him, the blood gushing out from under his cuirass.

"Holy Mother! you are wounded fair sir!" exclaimed the countess, raising her herself, and stanching the blood with her own scarf.

"Tis nothing," said Walter recovering himself immediately, and binding the scarf around his body, "this is more than sufficient to cure me by to-morrow, and on the day after," he added in a low tone, "I pledge myself to drive all your enemies away from the walls of Hennebond, if you will but vouchsafe me on the cheek what you have granted me on the hand?"

The countess answered by a smile, which was equivalent to a promise. But she freed herself from it the next day by going in person to fire Charles's camp, and driving him away before Mauny recovered from his wound.

Spirit of Discovery.

PROGRESS OF GEOGRAPHY IN 1836-7.

(From the Journal of the Geographical Society, lately published.)

British Isles.

Civilized Europe, it might be imagined, at first sight, would offer no field for geographical research; and, in fact, a rapid journey over the greater part of Europe could not add much to our knowledge of its physical geography; but when we search for rigorous astronomical and statistical observation—for correct topographical detail—for a precise delineation of its physical features—for an exact outline of its coasts, and the depth of water in its various seas and channels—we search almost in vain; yet much has lately been done towards attaining such a knowledge of this part of the earth's surface as the advanced state of science and civilization imperatively demand.

It is on this principle that the national map of England, known by the name of the "Ordnance Map," (begun in 1796,) is at present being executed, under the zealous superintendence of Captain Colby, R.E., and engraved on the scale of an inch to a statute mile, or 1-63,000 of the natural scale: two sheets have been added to this survey during the past year, and sixty-nine sheets are now published, comprising all the southern and midland counties; four or five more sheets may shortly be expected;—while the geological examination of the country, under the able direction of Mr. de la Beche, now combined with the topographical survey, will greatly enhance the value of the maps.

A cadastral survey of the country, on the scale of 1-2,376, or nearly 27 inches to a mile, to show the boundaries of parishes, &c., has been proposed, but it appears not to be considered necessary.

No national map of Scotland exists, but the points of the great triangulation are established, and the private munificence of individuals has filled in the detail of some of the counties—Sutherlandshire, for instance, at the expense of the Duke of Sutherland, &c. A small general map, on the scale of eight inches to a degree, by Mr. John Arrowsmith, almost finished, combines all that is accurately known of Scotland. The Geological map, by Dr. McCulloch, is likewise published. The detail of the coast-line is proceeding, under the superintendence of the hydrographer; and also an excellent map of the Shetland Isles, on the scale of half an inch to a mile, has been completed during the past year, by Mr. Thomas, R.N., who has devoted some years to its execution.

The recent survey of Ireland, called the "Towland Survey," is proceeding rapidly. This truly national work, which does ho-

nour to the enlightened legislature that ordered it, and to the engineer officers who carry it into execution, is based on a grand triangulation, one side of which, connecting Ireland with England, is 108 miles in length; another, 101 miles, 23 miles, &c. Its detailed operations are completed with the most minute accuracy, on the scale of six inches to a statute mile, or 1-10,560 of the natural dimensions; exhibiting all the boundaries, distinction of barren and cultivated land, levels, &c.—in short, every thing of practical utility; so much so, that a line of railroad or canal might be, and has been projected* on the data supplied by it, without any fresh survey—which could not, it is believed, be effected with the existing maps in any other country in the world.

The maps of ten counties, comprising 560 sheets, are published, and the work advances rapidly. Combined with this map a series of memoirs is publishing, which will make it as complete as can be expected in a work of the kind. Would that such a work were possessed by, or in progress in, every nation in Europe!

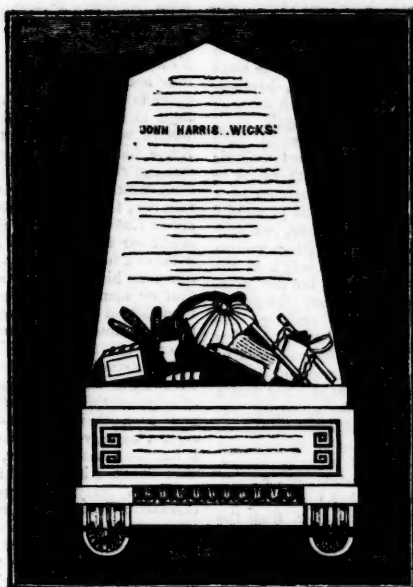
In concert with the land-survey the hydrographic department, under the zealous and enlightened superintendence of Captain Beaufort, is extremely active. Parts of the east and west coast of England, the Irish Channel, the east coast of Scotland, the coast of Wales, and the northern coast of Ireland, have been accurately examined, and are still in progress. Added to this, a minute and beautiful chart of the North Sea, executed by Captain Hewett, and showing, with the greatest accuracy, all the undulating features of the wide but shallow valley—in no part exceeding 100 yards in depth—which separates our island from Holland and Europe, are gratifying proofs of the activity displayed by the government in the advancement of physical geography.

At length we may venture to boast of a work, worthy of the subject, on the *Physical and Political Geography of the British Islands*, forming part of the Library of Useful Knowledge, in which the physical features which mark the true face of the country are traced with a master's hand.

On general geography, with the exception of some articles in the Encyclopædias, and especially in the Penny Cyclopædia, no work has been published in England during the past year;† yet is the harvest so thoroughly gathered that nothing is left for the gleaner?

* The projected railway between Derry and Enniskillen; also in the improvement of the harbour at Belfast.

† The valuable researches of Mr. Whewell and Mr. Lubbock, on the subject of tides, form an honourable exception; as do also the useful-printed Tide Tables, published by the Hydrographic Office at the Admiralty.



(Monument to John Harris Wicks, in Egham Church.)

Anecdote Gallery

INTERESTING MEMORIAL.

This neat tablet was placed in the parish-church of Egham, about twenty years since; the circumstances of its erection being referred to in the inscription as follow:—

This Monument,
a tribute of Gratitude,
is dedicated by a few pupils
to testify their admiration
of the distinguished Talents and Virtues
which characterized their Preceptor,
JOHN HARRIS WICKS:
whose zeal was prompted
by a parental solicitude,
to impress the youthful mind
with a love of Knowledge and Religion;
and whose precepts were illustrated
by an example, which has inspired Manhood
with the most profound veneration
for the memory of
the Instructor.

He died x December mdcxcxvii,
Aged LV years;
having presided
thirty years Master of Englefield School
In this Parish.

Upon the base, or pedestal, beneath the
sculptured emblems of education, within the
Grecian bordering, are these lines:—

Scilicet ornabant mores precepta docentis,
Et quam monstrabat, carperat ipse viam.

Altogether, this monument, plain and unadorned as it is, must be considered an honourable offspring of the best qualities of our nature—namely, gratitude and conscientious duty. We had the happiness of receiving our early education from one who possessed excellence of head and heart akin to those of John Harris Wicks; to whom every line of this memorial would apply with equal justice; and the recollection of whose virtues will ever be treasured up in our “heart of hearts,” although an opportunity of recording them upon lasting marble has not yet presented itself.

The Public Journals.

THE QUEEN.

THE following description of the appearance of the young Queen on the day of the dissolution of Parliament is given by Mr. Leigh Hunt in the second number of the enlarged series of the *Monthly Repository*:—“Most courteously, and with a face of good-humoured pleasure, she kept bowing to the exclamations of ‘God bless the Queen,’—‘God save your Majesty,’ uttered in tones more fervent than loud; and so the huge coach went heavily on, putting ‘hats off’ as it proceeded, and

shining in the distance, amidst a sea of heads and gazing windows, with the gilt crown on the top of its great gilt self. It was the first time we had seen the Princess since she was a child, walking prettily, hand-in-hand, in Kensington Gardens, with a young lady of her own age (like any 'private' child with another, as Mr. Pepys would have phrased it) and followed by a most majestic footman, in scarlet and gold, with calves in his white stockings as big and radiant as a couple of chaise-lamps. Instead of a child somewhat formal in countenance, we now saw before us a fine-grown young woman (woman is a higher word than lady), of the order of figures called buxom, but not inelegant; handsome, indeed, in face (the person we could not so well see); smiling, self-possessed, but highly pleased; looking healthy (for she had not the pale look so often attributed to her); and crowned, besides her diadem, with a profusion of light brown tresses: altogether presenting an aspect luxuriant, good-humoured, and highly agreeable. It was the Guelph face under its very best aspect, and improved, if we mistake not, with a straightness and substance of forehead, certainly not common to that portion of her race. We had fancied her darker, from the recollection of her when a child, though, at the same time, more like her father than mother. She now appeared still like her father, with a mixture of something more gladsome and open-mouthed (the upper lip, we believe, shows the teeth while speaking); but her crown seemed to rest on a forehead derived from her mother and maternal uncle (Leopold) and we thought looked all the securer and happier for it."

"One great change, good for her and for every body (from all that we ever understood of occasions like the present), we noticed with delight in the behaviour of the multitudes assembled; and that was, the mixture of fervent goodwill with the absence of mere slavish noise and gratuitous enthusiasm. We have mentioned the expressions used by the crowd. They were deep and general in the quarter where we stood, and therefore, we conclude, elsewhere. But here was no hurraing; no loss of the crowd's own self-possession; no violent outbreak of any sort. The feeling, as clearly as it could be expressed both by sound and silence, was to this effect:—'We love you, and wish you well with all our hearts; but we expect that you will maintain love with love, and be the proper sovereign of this era, which knows the rights of the people as well as sovereigns, and has broken up the delusion which sacrificed the many to the few.'—This is what the popular feeling said: and this is what we say ourselves, with all loving respect.

LONDON AND ROME.

(Concluded from page 134.)

Now, let any man, between the hours of four and six o'clock, stand for twenty minutes in Regent Street, or sit down half an hour in Hyde Park, and he will see more wealth roll past him upon wheels than Rome had to boast of at the time of her greatest riches. We have heard a calculation, which we believe to be a very moderate one, that for every private carriage you see in London you may give the owner of it credit for five thousand a-year. Not that it takes a fortune of that amount to entitle a man to his carriage; but, if we consider that no man would venture on it with less than fifteen hundred—very few with so little, and those only professional men, such as surgeons and physicians—and recollect, at the same time, the hundreds who have their eight and ten thousands, many their twenty and thirty, and some their hundred and even their two hundred thousands a-year, we may fairly assume the average as it has been stated. Now, in one hour, we have counted in Regent Street seven hundred and forty carriages:—last Sunday (Heaven pardon us,) we counted standing in line at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park eight hundred and sixty-four! On that day, we will venture to say, were perambulating the walks, giving nuts to the elephant, and handfuls of gingerbread to the bears—the aggregate representation of an annual expenditure of four millions two hundred and twenty thousand pounds. But this is nothing. At the same hour that you have counted the equipages in Regent Street, you discover from a friend who compares notes with you, that he could scarcely leave the Park from the string of carriages inclosing it three rows deep. Another at the same moment has had his cab damaged in threading his way through the crowd of vehicles in Piccadilly. And each of the line of streets leading up to the Regent's Park, from Harley Street to Baker Street, are equally swarming. There were certainly individuals at Rome as rich as our own Dukes of Sutherland or Buccleuch; but we deny *in toto* that any thing like this degree of wealth was equally diffused. And a step or two below this, the observer is still more struck with the endlessness of the riches of London. Any one of moderate fortune, say from seven hundred up to a thousand a-year, who has had occasion to look out for a house, has an idea forcibly impressed on him, that he is beyond all question the poorest man within ten miles of St. Paul's. He passes through mile after mile of capital houses, all above his mark, and, almost in despair, he turns in another direction. But the line stretches quite as far to the east as it did to the west.

He tries the suburbs. Thousands upon thousands of comfortable quarters meet his eye;—long stretches of streets leading from Oxford Street all the way to Kennington Green, Dulwich, Brixton—all occupied—all in the tidiest order—where no person could possibly live under a very considerable income. He turns, as a final effort, to the north; he walks through the same uninterrupted row of middle-rank residences up to Highgate and Hornsey—to the west he arrives at Kensington, Brompton, and Chelsea—and at last, like a sensible man, finding that he is not rich enough to be one of the Cockneys he formerly despised, he deposits himself and his portmanteau on the top of the Norwich coach, and betakes himself to his native shade in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmunds. Where does all this money come from?—for it is impossible for all of it to be done upon tick. And this brings us to the same point to which a view of the gluttony of Vitellius brings the errand Brothier with regard to the riches of old Rome. The learned annotator takes his estimate from the fortunes of two or three individuals, and the question of individual wealth we are willing to concede. He says he will take his example, not from Crassus, the richest man of his day with the exception of Sylla, but from one Caius Licinius Claudius Isidorus—a man "*satis ignobilis*"—whose will was proved eighteen hundred and forty-five years ago, in the Prerogative Court of Rome, and his property was sworn to in the usual form. In spite of great losses in the civil war, he left four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves; three thousand six hundred yoke of oxen; of other cattle fifty-seven thousand head; and in hard cash four hundred and sixty-one thousand nine hundred and twenty pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence. Now, taking the slaves at the low rate of thirty pounds a-piece, the oxen at eighteen pounds a-yoke, and the cattle of all sorts and kinds at thirty shillings a-head, we may set down the said ignobilis gentleman as cutting up to his expectant heirs to the tune of seven hundred and thirty-five thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds,—which, after all, is not nearly so much as has been left by many gentlemen who have been the artificers of their own fortunes within the last few years in this very town.

There is a certain hostelry, inn, pothouse, tavern, or hotel,—for we are not certain which is its proper designation,—about a mile beyond Westminster Bridge, called the Elephant and Castle, at which fifteen hundred coaches and other vehicles "pull up" every day. There is one brewery in London to which a rise or fall on the price of beer of one halfpenny a-pot makes a difference of forty thousand a-year.

These two circumstances give us good an

idea of the vastness of "our village" as any half-dozen others we could pick out. Now, we can find nothing in the histories of ancient Rome to persuade us that large fortunes like the thousands made every year in London, were the produce of what is technically called "small profits and quick returns." A favourite freedman, or a powerful general, got a grant of the spoils of a nation, and though his individual fortune was in this way prodigious, it furnishes no argument of any thing like what we contend for in our own city, namely, the general diffusion of wealth—nay, the Congiaria and all the other charitable feedings furnished from time to time to the mass of the people, show that those vast possessions were only exceptions to the almost universal poverty. There were no Ellises and Morrisons clearing their fifty thousand a-year by selling gowns and shawls, no sugar-bakers with a million in hard cash, no grocers with a couple of plums in each hand. The way those monied men of the olden time increased their fortunes is the surest proof that can be given of the general distress. A common enough interest for a loan was forty per cent. The cash must have been in very few hands to allow this to last for an hour, and all the capitalists, from Cneius Lentulus, "*homo ingenii tam sterilis, quam pusilli animi*," up to Seneca the philosopher, betook themselves to usury as to a regular trade. This latter gentleman, indeed, is famous in history for having driven the Britons (the inhabitants of Londinium included) into open rebellion by his horrible usury on a loan advanced to them of 311,280*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* This whole sum, on which our ancestors could not pay even the interest, is now poured into the Exchequer every second day; the grease of our carriage-wheels would pay it all; the blacking of our shoes would pay it; the snuff used in one week would pay it: so, if the philosophical extortioner attempted any of his usury in the present day, we should infallibly chuck him into the Thames without being able to excuse our non-payment on the plea of "*miserrima egestas*." And as to the corruption of our manners, do you really believe that we Cockneys, from the denizens of Grosvenor Square, to the inhabitants of St. Giles's, are corrupt? We are as pure as a field of snow, with a speck or two of city smoke on it here and there; but take us for all in all, we are not only the greatest, the richest, and the most numerous population that ever composed one town, but beyond all question the most liberal, most charitable, and most humane. We feel that it is a proud thing to belong to such an assemblage of earth's demigods, and are diligently practising the *aspiration* of the vowels, that there may be no mistake as to our citizenship even by any one

who meets us on the outside of a coach. We have no time to go through a comparison of the vaunted charities of Rome, or rather of the Roman Emperors, and those of our noble city. But in fact the gifts bestowed on the Roman populace were not charities but bribes. Julius Cæsar gave to each of the snobs (the nearest translation we can hit upon of plebs) a present of three pounds one shilling and eightpence, besides ten bushels of corn and ten quarts of oil. As only the poor claimed this, and boys below sixteen were excluded, we may calculate that somewhere about a hundred and twenty thousand men came in for the donation. The sum, accordingly, taking the gift to each at five pounds, comes to six hundred thousand pounds. We believe there is a calculation, that every year—not once in a lifetime—there is appropriated to charitable purposes in London considerably upwards of a million. Look at our hospitals with incomes of fifty thousand a-year—our assessments for the poor—our subscriptions in all instances of distress—why, the old negro that used to sweep the crossing at Charing Cross left a fortune of eight thousand pounds. It was all found in his hovel, so it could not have been accumulated by interest; and supposing he held the post for thirty years, his annual savings must have been two hundred and sixty-six pounds, thirteen and fourpence, which, allowing for his support (with an occasional spree in the Back Slums), thirty-three pounds six and eightpence, raises the gross value of the broom at that one thoroughfare to three hundred a-year. O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom! more admirable than all the celebrated brooms of Scottish song. The Broom of Cowdenknowes is poor in comparison. The bush o' broom beneath which the Chevalier slept—oh wae's me for Prince Charlie! is not to be named in the same day—and even the “Lang yellow Broom,” so sweetly sung by Burns, is a worthless weed beside the producer of such valuable fruit.

We think we have now proved that we excel old Rome in every thing that makes a city illustrious. We must leave for some future paper an inquiry into certain other branches of the comparison here instituted, for which we have left ourselves no room. Among these one will be the respective rates of remuneration for the services of bar-risters and physicians; whether, for instance, Cicero cleared as much in the forum as Sir James Scarlett did at the bar;—and whether Sir Henry Halford does not look down with contempt on the amount of fees received by Dr. Celsus. In the meantime, having raised the envy of our country readers by this account of the immeasurable superiority of our town to their lifeless fields, we may administer a drop of conso-

lation to them by making the confession, that though we are great and magnificent, taken as a whole, there is no place where a man feels personally so insignificant as in our crowded streets. Holborn is like death, and puts an end to all distinctions. A brewer's dray bespatters a duke with the same quantity of mud that it would a beggar. In London there is no such thing as individual importance. Every thing is swallowed up in the vastness of the whole:

“Magna tamen fama est ejusdem rure paterno
Viventis”—

“A gemman's fame is werry great
Wot lives upon his own hesitate.”

Abridged from Blackwood's Magazine.

New Books.

SKETCHES IN THE PYRENEES.

(Concluded from page 110.)

[We return, with pleasure, to this charming work. The fascinating authoress (?) writes from a paradise a short distance from Pau; “a happy and delicious spot, where the eye and heart made quiet jubilee. It is winter now, but the pines seem to know nothing about it, and to suit themselves to the black sky just as well as to the blue one.”]

Superstitious Customs.

Amongst the old customs still in due observance in the Pyrenees, is one which usually takes place on Shrove Tuesday; when, if there happen to be a man in the country who has received a drubbing from his wife—and put up with it, he is seized upon by some of the sturdiest of his neighbours, placed upon an ass with his face turned towards the tail, and so paraded about; and, I believe, with the additional degradation of an explanatory paper pinned to the back or breast. The huge Christmas log, steeped in wine, and set round with smaller ones in the form of a cross, the burning brand drawn out of the bonfire on St. John's Eve, and carefully preserved to feed the next year's blaze; the cross of flowers, nailed against the door on the same holy vigil to keep the witches out, are not forgotten in the Pyrenees: the blessed candle is still lighted in a storm; the corn standing in the fields still blest on Rogation Sunday, with prayer, incense, and holy water; St. Roch (or rather his representative) continues to bestow his benediction on the cattle; branches that have been switched in holy water still decorate the cottages at Easter; and many other homely and harmless superstitions, which one loves for their pleasant, old-fashioned associations—delightful ones, I think,—are carefully kept up in this beautiful, believing land. Another thing that I greatly love here is, the way which the people have of dating by their Saint's day; and, instead of saying it was the 5th of December, or the

2nd of February, counting from their calendar of holy records,—as the vigil of St. Nicholas, *Le Chandelour*, (our Candlemas,) the day after St. Martin, or the day of All Souls. The toll of the angelus often brings a thanksgiving to the lips of the shepherd who feeds his flock on the hills, and reminds the labourer in the fields of a pious duty. I have seen a young woman stop in the midst of her household cares, and breathe a short, but I have no doubt heartfelt prayer, when she has heard its distant sound. The invention of this beautiful custom of tolling the angelus at morning, noon, and evening, so that those who are employed in their daily occupations and are far away from churches, may join in thought with those who kneel within them, is due, strange to say, to Louis the Eleventh.

After the maize harvest is over, and the fields cleared, the peasants go about to their neighbours' houses, offering their gratis help to *égrenier** it, and sit up all night in the barn, working, singing, drinking white wine (*vin du pays*), eating chestnuts, and telling stories. This cheerful custom does not belong to the superstitions of the people, but to their sociable and friendly habits, of which they have many, and all of a rustic character and colouring. There is a superstition, and not a pleasing one, which I thought belonged alone to Italy, but which I find is not unknown in the Pyrenees. Yesterday I was warned by a peasant-boy against taking flowers from some children who offered them to me. It was the custom, he told me, for any one who had a friend ill or dying, to tie up a small nosegay and put it into the hand, or the breast of the sick person; and then offer it to the next comer, or throw it into the first carriage they chanced to meet with. The flowers are supposed to carry off the malady from the person afflicted, and to give it to the one who receives them. If another does not take the infection, the sick person cannot be cured. I had been in many places in Italy where this belief existed, but did not expect to find it here.

Finer things were formerly done in the way of superstitious observances in this country in the Pyrenees, when processions and pilgrimages were the necessities of the day; amongst those shone out the mysteries of Perpignan, long (as we are told) abolished, when the Black Penitents opened the file, carrying the instruments of Christ's passion, and followed by various groups exhibiting the flagellation in the judgement-hall, the crowning with thorns, the *Ecce Homo*,—which last was reserved for the nobles, who alone appeared as actors in it. The procession was closed by a person clothed in a violet-coloured robe, who represented our Saviour himself bearing his cross, with the daughters of Jerusalem going before, and a crowd of Roman soldiers,

* To detach the grain from the stalk by friction.

priests, torch-bearers, and musicians following after.

[Of two illustrious names the following are interesting memorials.]

Montaigne and Montesquieu.

Montaigne is buried at Bordeaux; that wise Michel Sieur de Montaigne, who makes thinkers of his readers; that pleasant Michel de Montaigne, whose racy freshness would keep his works alive and new for ever,—if there was a for ever for the works of man. Montesquieu, too, was of this neighbourhood, and inhabited a castle a few leagues off. Such names give permanent interest to local habitation; the immortality of mind is on it, the surviving spirit still stirs within it, outliving life: the tree has been scathed, it is prostrate and withered, but we still feed upon the precious honey that is inclosed within its hollow.

The house in which Montaigne lived is said (or known) to be No. 17, Rue des Minimes; its having been so distinguished is, as we are told, unindicated by any outward work. The memory of Montesquieu is more honoured at his Château de la Brède, where the chamber in which he habitually studied is religiously preserved in the same state in which he left it. Every foot of this ground is English history, as the shades of the Talbots and the Black Prince testify. And wars more recent and more terrible,—civil, revolutionary wars, the excitors to all crimes, and developers of all virtues, have left (blood-written) in the annals of this department a treasure of fine and touching recollections,—noble and affecting records of the fate of some of the most devoted and interesting victims of those great, bad times, when the will was gospel, and the guillotine law.

[Here is a pair of gladdening pictures of earthly enjoyment.]

The Cottage Garden.

When the sun does shine, what a sweet page of rustic lore is the cottage garden! no stone or mortar perfection of a wall—the mason's glory—inclosing it; but its own sweet hedge blossoming, and blooming, and glistening in the bright sky, and opening its pretty buds as if it would say, "thank you," to the warm air that blows upon it. I have always delighted in the neatly drilled beds of peas and beans, the tufts of sage and rosemary, and other plants esteemed medicinal by their cultivators; the ornamental rose-bush, and tree of luxury—apple or pear, and never could love fine gardens—stiff ones, I mean,—without one robin-readbreast corner in them; where, if a poor bird hops about, it is from the shoulder of one cold statue to the head of another, and the bee is too far away from his hive, his thymy bank, and his honey-cups, to make frequent visits. Pleasure-grounds may

run into whims, if they please; but the dear old garden has something sacred in its homeliness, which one respects as one does an old library-chair, or a worm-eaten folio that counts ages. The velvet sofa is there, soft and gorgeous, and the morocco leather-gilt and embossed; but we are loath to use them, and better love the old corner, and the old leaves which open almost of themselves at the places we are fond of. In a garden, every thing should accord with the habitation to which it belongs. Erasmus's catalogue of herbs,—rue, all-heal, buglass, marjoram, herb of life, &c., become the gammer's scanty flower-knot, as the standard fruit-tree, the nectarine-wall, the winter-walk, and the yew-hedge do our old-fashioned manor-house.

I love a cottage, or a farm-house, in the midst of fields, with the corn at the door, and the apple-trees beside it. We saw many such in Touraine; but, generally speaking, single habitations are not much to the taste of the French peasant, who is gregarious, and prefers the stony and stringy village, where the social virtues can be duly exercised; where there are talkers and listeners, and winter-evening gatherings at one neighbour's or another, till each has provided room, light and fuel, in his turn. The lonely cottage, (whose simple inhabitants little dream of the romantic fancies awakened by the sight of their rude dwelling,) or the cheerful one, flower-hung and sunny, with the morning dew sparkling on its thatch, are not the common country dwellings of France, though the last are oftener met with in the part we have recently passed through, than in any other that I can at this moment call to mind. I have talked of cottages, but even the best here are seldom like our home ones, with the garden-fence of hawthorn, and the small garden itself dressed out in stocks and sweet-williams, and the bower of woodbine, all clammy with honey-dew, and set round with sober scabious, and that pretty blue flower, which may, perhaps, have a gentler name than devil-in-the-bush—the one I used to know it by in my childhood; and the black-currant and full-blossomed syringa, whose leaf tastes as the gammers say, like cucumber.

Yet this is pleasant scenery,—or seems so to us, who, having looked long at pavement and town trees, and put up with the lilacs and laburnums of a Champs Elysées garden, find a charm in the aspect of the country which, like the sense of being to a free and healthfully organized mind, is in itself enjoyment. Besides, where there are no recollections of a higher kind, the eye contents itself with little, and cheerful mediocrity spreads out its means effectually.

An Autumn Garden.

Our marigolds are richer now than corona-

tion robes: what shades of orange and of brown circling round and round, and concentrating all their hues in the heart of the flower—the common flower—that if it were a rare one would be thought so beautiful! We have still the velvet amaranthus, amber, rich burgundy purple, and ruby, glowing like the inside of a pomegranate or the precious stone itself; and hundreds of lilac, white, and purple things, to me nameless. Dahlias, too, and the fine geranium-tinted ones, (*rose saumonée*,) but not the variety that I have seen in England and other places: barberries like coral ear-drops, and the beautiful yellow-flowering plant which gardeners call cassia; but it is not the sweet, heavy-scented cassia of Provence. The palmar-christi has still its grape-like bloom, rich stalk, and broad, graceful leaf; probably the one which the fairies choose when they set about roofing a ball-room. Oberon and Titania might lead off, and all their train follow, lavishly housed under the spread of a single one. Roses—and not all Bengal ones, verberna and jasmine in full beauty, tuberose and heliotrope enriching the terrace.

[Next is acceptable mention of luxuries less pure than the garden, which Lord Bacon designated as "the purest of all human pleasures."]

Bordeaux Luxuries.

All who delight in scientific and bile-provoking compounds, know that the south of France is the great larder of the capital; but Bordeaux, being itself fountain head for some things, and next-door-neighbour to others, has the first right of selection, and uses it. In the south, the exquisite pale truffle of Provence is turned to meet account; and from thence all that gratifies the palate under the comprehensive shape of *pâté* is sent abroad into the world, led on by the sublime *pâté de foie gras*, (disputed, I believe, by Strasbourg,) and followed by the crowd of minors that come thronging on its back, as the little rivers do on the great Nile in the Tuileries-gardens. Who has not heard of, even if they have not tasted, the unsophisticated oil of Provence, pure and colourless as water; the poulard truffé of Périgord; the unbranded claret of Bordeaux; the liqueurs of Marseilles; the nougat* of the same emporium; the oranges of Hyeres; the muscat of Lunel; the ortolans, quails, verdiers, bec figures,—the legions, in short, of winged things that sport in their world of air one moment, and make exquisite *brochettes* almost the next,—the olives, figs, anchovies, almonds, fruits dried and preserved in jelly, *en compote*, in brandy and out of it,—and other countless delicacies which please and corrupt the palate in this gastronomic land. Miracles are performed (they say)

* The nougat is a sort of cake composed of almonds, pistachio nuts, the kernels of the pine cone, and Narbonne honey.

under the shape of entrées and entremets in this identical city of Bordeaux, whose Medicis, though they may not live in quarried palaces like the merchant-princes of old Italy, probably know of many things of which the Cosmos never dreamt.

[Our author, (a lady of faire minde?) adds, "I never taste wine; so, as I cannot laud it gratefully have neither hymned La Fittie: Haut Brion, nor Château Margaux." But, we must add that her (?) book throughout is a generous vintage of thought, such as must gladden the heart of woman, man, and child that reads it.]

PICKWICKIANA. BY BOZ.

Parental Advice.—"I'm a goin' to leave you, Samivel, my boy, and there's no telling ven I shall see you again. Your mother-in-law may ha' been too much for me, or a thousand things may have happened by the time you next hears any news o' the celebrated Mr. Veller o' the Bell Savage. The family name depends werry much upon you, Samivel and I hope you'll do wot's right by it. Upon all little pints o' breedin', I know I may trust you as vell as if it was my own self. So I've only this here one little bit of advice to give you. If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a marryin' any body—no matter who—jist you shut yourself up in your own room, if you've got one, and pison yourself off hand. Hangin's wulgar, so don't you have nothin' to say to that. Pison yourself, Samivel, my boy, pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards." With these affecting words, Mr. Weller looked steadfastly on his son, and turning slowly upon his heel, disappeared from his sight.

A New-Fashioned Bedstead.—"The twopenny rope, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "is just a cheap lodgin'-house, vers the beds is two pence a night."—"What do they call a bed a rope 't?" said Mr. Pickwick.—"Bless your innocence, sir, that an't it," replied Sam. "Ven the lady and gen'l'm'n as keeps the hot-el, first begun business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this wouldn't do at no price, 'cos instead o' taking a moderate two penn'ort o' sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, 'bout six feet apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking, stretched across 'em."—"Well," said Mr. Pickwick.—"Well," said Mr. Weller, "the advantage o' the plan's hobvious. At six o'clock every mornin', they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. 'Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked they get up werry quietly, and walk away!"

Unfurnished Lodgings.—"Unfurnished lodgings?" said Mr. Pickwick.—"Yes—the dry arches of Waterloo-bridge. Fine sleep-

ing-place—within ten minutes walk of all the public offices—only if there is any objection to it, it is that the sitivation's *rayther* too airy. I see some queer sights there."—"Ah, I suppose you did," said Mr. Pickwick, with an air of considerable interest.—"Sights sir," resumed Mr. Weller, "as 'ud penetrate your benevolent heart, and come out on the other side. You don't see the reg'lar wagrants there; trust 'em, they knows better than that. Young beggars, male and female, as hasn't made a rise in their profession, takes up their quarters there sometimes; but it's generally the worn-out, starving, houseless creeturs as roles themselves up in the dark corners o' them lonesome places—poor creeturs as an't up to the twopenny rope."

Getting Up in the World.—"I worn't always a boots, sir," said Weller, with a shake of his head. "I was a vagginer's boy once."—"When was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.—"When I was first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles," replied Sam. "I was a carrier's boy at startin': then a vagginer's, then a helper, then a boots. Now I'm a gen'l'm'n's servant. I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? I shouldn't be surprised, for one."

An Amiable Weakness.—"Besides," continued Mr. Weller, not noticing the interruption, "that's a werry different thing. You know what the counsel said, Sammy, as defended the gen'l'm'n as beat his wife with the poker, venever he got jolly. 'And arter all, my lord,' says he, 'it's a amiable weakness.' So I says respectin' widders, Sammy, and so you'll say, ven you gets as old as I am."

Useful Hat.—"Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at," said Sam, "but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and afore the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever, its lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—ventilation goossamer I calls it."

A Bargain.—"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.—"That's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, ven he swallowed a farden."—"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."—"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'l'm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "I should like to know in the first place, whether you're a goin' to purvide me with a better." A sun-beam of benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."—"Have you though?" inquired Sam. Mr. Pickwick

noded in the affirmative.—“Wages?” said Sam.—“Twelve pounds a year,” replied Mr. Pickwick.—“Clothes?”—“Two suits.”—“Work?”—“To attend upon me; and to travel about with me and these gentlemen here.”—“Take the bill down,” said Sam, emphatically. “I’m let to a single gentleman and the terms is agreed upon.”—“You accept the situation?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.—“Cert’nly,” replied Sam. “If the clothes fits me half as well as the place, they’ll do.”

Dangerous Amusement.—“Go on sir; do go on. You had better call us thieves, sir; or, perhaps, you would like to assault one of us. Pray do it, sir; if you would, we will not make the smallest resistance. Pray do it, sir.” As Foggy put himself very temptingly within the reach of Mr. Pickwick’s clenched fist, there is little doubt that that gentleman would have complied with his earnest entreaty, but for the interposition of Sam, who, hearing the dispute, emerged from the office, mounted the stairs, and seized his master by the arm. “You just come away,” said Mr. Weller. “Battledore and shuttlecock’s a werry good game, when you a’n’t the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in vich case it gets too excitin’ to be pleasant. Come away, sir. If you want to ease your mind by blowing up somebody, come out into the court and blow up me; but it’s rather too expensive work to be carried on here.”

The Gatherer.

Beet-root Beer.—M. Balling, professor of chemistry at Prague, has succeeded in making an excellent beer from potatoes; it is the colour of brown sherry, very strong and singularly agreeable.

Folly.—It was a favourite saying of Sir Walter Scott, that the wisest of our race often reserve the average stock of folly, to be all expended upon some one flagrant absurdity.—*Lockhart’s Life of Scott.*

Bees.—Martin Doyle, in his admirable *Hints to Small Farmers*, states that “no small holder who has a garden should be without bees; experience has taught us that furze, broom, mustard, beans, clover, heath, fruit trees, &c., supply the principal food of those wonderful creatures, who, with the mere instinct of their nature to direct them, afford unvarying examples of diligence and labour, of frugality and order, not to be found among men who have reason to guide, and religion to influence their ways. £60,000 were paid in the year 1822 in England, for bees’ wax imported from America; and probably three times that sum for the same article from Holland, France, and Italy. Now, what is to prevent the Irish small holder from supplying it? The first cost of a stock or two is trifling

—no capital is required—beans, buckwheat, thyme, borrag, sage, &c., sown in gardens, and on farm-fences, would, with the aid of clover, natural or artificial, amply supply them.” “*Small holders* are particularly interested in this matter, because neither capital, nor labour, nor much skill, will be necessary to make money by bees.”—*Irish Farmer’s Magazine.*

Change.—A lady who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after—“There was a time when I almost imagined she had none.”—“Yes,” said the husband with a sigh, “but its very long since.”

A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in, but unfurnished.

If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it, whose business it is. If you want to understand the man, hear him speak of something else.—*Blackwood’s Magazine.*

Adioms in Farming.—The first rule a farmer should lay-down is, not to take two successive crops of corn from the same ground if he can possibly avoid it—certainly never three. His second, to substitute one or other of the meliorating crops, and to sow peas, beans, vetches, buckwheat, turnips, cabbage, potatoes, or mangel wurtzel, between every crop of corn. His third, never to sow on dirty land; and (though last not least) his fourth, to be vigilant, honest, and industrious. If farmers would observe these rules, and carry the operations falling under them into zealous execution, they would be astonished at the increase of straw and grain; at the increased and improved stock they would be enabled to support; and at the immense increase of their middens. These are the principal things necessary to be observed by every good farmer.—*Lloyd’s Treatise on Agriculture.*

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“Who has not heard of the *Mirror*? What periodical has been more extensively popular?—popular in the best sense of the word. The work does not flag in its mature age, but really improves. Where will you find such a mass of readable and useful, and we may add, scarce antiquarian and topographical information as in its pages? We have been much pleased, by the way, with a letter in the present volume, from an excellent clergyman in Dorset, Dr. Rudge, with a descriptive and historical account of his church and parsonage—Hawkechurch Rectory—the latter a perfect study of its kind.”

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